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HOW A HOME WAS BUILT.—II.

A DECORATIVE ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD LEE YOUNG.

THE family and guests were assembled in the "Great Hall" before going in to dinner. Mr. Remmington, while standing in the middle of the hall, was revolving as if on a pivot, looking at the different vistas in turn, with a keen sense of ever-increasing admiration pictured on his expressive face, as a different view met his gaze on every side.

Advancing toward the group, he at last said: "Mr. Paul, my daughter has just shown me her rooms with all the pride of ownership. My apartments adjoining hers are quite different in style and finish. I too have a proprietary interest in mine, and feel while in them that they contain all the conveniences that I have ever dreamed of. I trust that you will pardon me if I ask

rather strange devices that need explanation before I shall feel that I know their meaning and uses, and am particularly grateful for this opportunity to ask a few questions," answered Marie, returning Harry's straightforward look with interest.

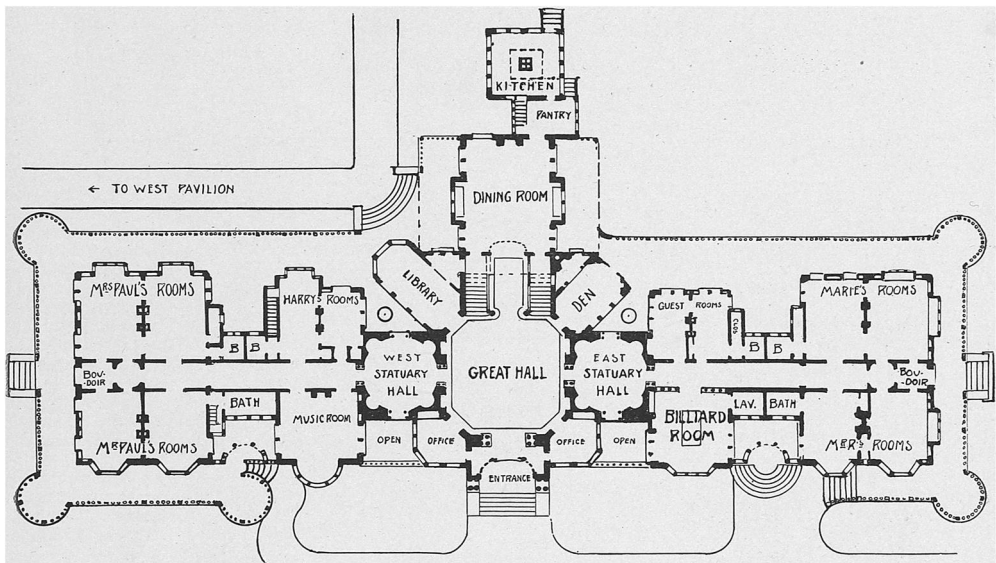
"What, for instance?" inquired Harry.

"Some of the wainscot panels have knobs on them. Are there any secret stairways in my apartments?" asked Marie.

"No," answered the young man, "not there; those in your rooms are dress closets. Two of them contain double cheval glasses, where one may see the whole figure reflected at a glance. But the dress closets are mother's invention, and the wonder is that she did not show them all to you, for a dress will never become damp and limp while hung in them, so she says."

"How delightful," said Marie. "Are there many such strange, yet altogether sensible things in this house?"

"Loads of them," answered Harry, remembering his New York vocabulary.



GROUND PLAN OF THE HOME.

you how you ever accomplished it all in this latitude?" Mr. Paul smilingly answered, "It is very evident, Mr. Remmington, that we must unfold the whole story from the very beginning; therefore after dinner, as we watch the sun go down, I will outline our methods and the reasons for it all."

Dinner was here announced, and Mr. Remmington and Mrs. Paul led the way; Harry, entering behind, alone, was pleased to find that Marie had been placed beside him at the table.

After everyone was seated the young man looked squarely at the young girl for the first time, and bowed gravely while saying, "Miss Remmington, do you share your father's interest in our work here?"

"Most assuredly, Mr. Paul, but am particularly interested in my suite of rooms, for they contain so many

"Any secret stairways?" asked Marie, with a lighting up of the face, as recalling the click of the secret panel, etc., in some story that she had read.

"Yes, and no," answered Harry. "That is, you wouldn't call a thing secret that everyone knows of. Father put two of them in for convenience, one from his rooms on this floor to his private workshops and one from my rooms to the studio."

"Studio?" asked the girl, with a new interest. "Do you paint?"

"Oh, yes, a little," answered Harry, not quite liking what might follow in the way of further questions. He was spared, however, for at this point his mother engaged the girl in conversation regarding their trip on the *Gleam*, and further on in recalling her life since her mother's death, four years before. Mr. Remmington

was discussing electric inventions with Mr. Paul, gradually nearing the subject upon which he had been working for months, and for which he had left England to find the man and from him the secret, for he (Mr. Remmington) had been working upon a mere thread of facts. "Is not this my man?" was constantly running through Mr. Remmington's mind.

Mr. Paul turned toward Harry, and with that winning smile with which he seemed to preface everything, said: "Harry, will you go up to the studio and get the roll of house plans and meet us at the West Pavilion?" "Coffee and cigars in the West Pavilion, Zeb," to the small butler. "Ladies, will you join us?" And the party arose from the table without the usual waiting for each other to move, for, while Mr. Paul spoke smilingly, each request was an order without doubt.

The West Pavilion was built of the same stone-like construction as everything around was, with a large centre-table of the same material, seats around and seats outside, so that the setting sun could be seen while at table or from the outer seats.

"Thank you, Harry; place the plans on the table."

"Zeb, serve the coffee on these outer ledges, for we want to keep the table free."

"Now, Mr. Remmington, here is the ground plan for the house. In showing you this plan, it does not seem to be the beginning of my story, but it really is, for this was made twenty years ago and was the amusement of our early married life.

"Some dreams are realized undoubtedly; few have been so pleasant in the realization as this one; we have had all the pleasure of anticipation and realization.

"When we made this plan, never dreaming that it would ever become a fact, we thought that we would make it large enough."

"Did you build it all at once?" asked Mr. Remmington.

"No," answered Mr. Paul; "the east wing, from the stately hall, has only been built two years.

"But to commence. Twenty years ago I was a clerk in a furniture and decorative house, and later on I worked up to a partnership, when failing health seemed to make it more difficult to work each year, particularly in win-

ter and early spring, when every March seemed about to be the last that I would see.

"Seven years ago both Mrs. Paul and myself took a fancy to this island while we were cruising in the same yacht that you have chartered, the *Gleam*; and the idea of building this house seemed to strike us at the same time and we bought the key.

"The location of the key with an ocean and bay side impressed us favorably, for with a good draught of water on the ocean side for large yachts, the bay landing is just the place for our launches to easily communicate with the mainland.

"You know, Mr. Remmington," continued Mr. Paul, "of course, all about how these keys were formed;

how the coral maker and the mangrove are close allies in the work of continent building; how the coral worker stops building only when he reaches the sea level at low tide, and then it's a reef. Then the ocean begins to pile up loose material, broken coral and the like.

"Some day when the wind is off shore, a little round, cigar-like stick floating vertically, for it's ballasted at one end, drifts upon the shallows and finds lodgment. Before the next high tide the roots have penetrated the crevices and it grows rapidly. Others follow it and the reef has become a mangrove key, collecting the flotsam and jetsam of the ocean to form habitable land.

"When the mangrove can no longer reach the salt water it dies, decays, and adds

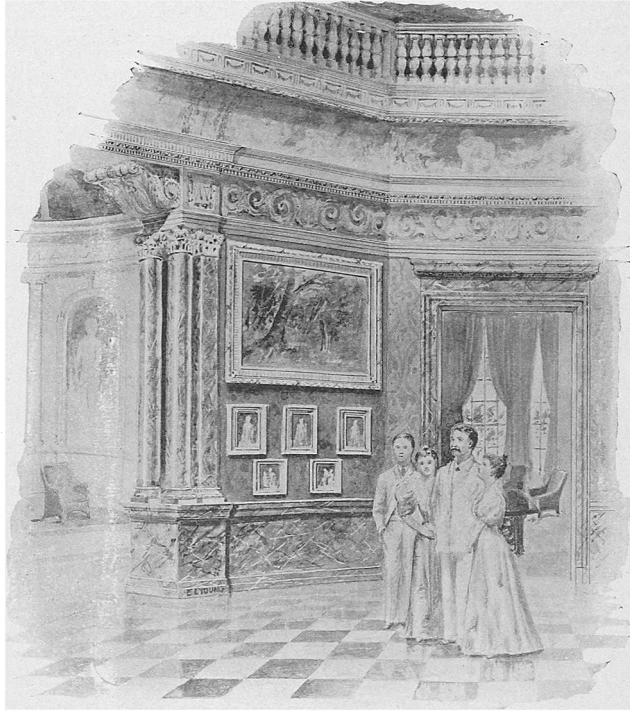
its richness to the land. Then the wind and the sea bring coconuts, pine cones, acorns and the like, and after several generations you have this."

"Pardon me, does this bore you?" asked Mr. Paul.

"No! No! Go on, please," said Mr. Remmington, who had lighted a fresh cigar and was altogether pleased with himself, his surroundings and the wonderful effects of the setting sun.

"Well, there's little more to say," continued Mr. Paul, "regarding the island, except that fish of all kinds abound, from the Jew fish, bonita, king fish and the like, down to the delicate and beautiful angel fish, and the many-colored dwellers of the mangrove roots.

(To be continued.)



"THE FAMILY AND GUESTS WERE ASSEMBLED IN THE GREAT HALL."